

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart fro

## Marlinton, Pocahontas

### NOTES BY THE WAY.

Biographic Sketch of The Buckleys.

Pioneer Settlers of Buckeye Vicin-  
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After leaving Joe McNeil's, as mentioned last week, I tramped across the fields and hills, the dry sod being almost slippery as ice, and I reached the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kee.

My readers will readily perceive why this paper should be so largely taken up with the Buckley family, when it be remembered that my Bucks Run host was named Joseph Buckley McNeill and Aaron Kee is a great grandson of Joshua Buckley, the Winchester pioneer of Buckeye. From information obtained, since publishing the Pocahontas Sketches, I learn that John Buckley, the pioneer's oldest son, was born near Winchester, February 16, 1762, and is so recorded as I am advised. This date, should it prove authentic, would be useful in ascertaining something of the time

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st Virginia Oct. 13, 1904.

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In the course of years the bank was worn away and the dwelling was about to be undermined.

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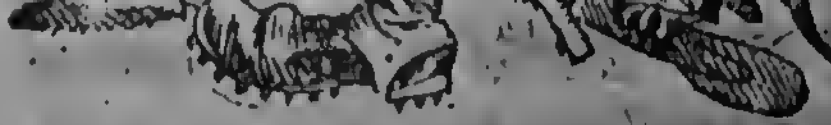
One of the more noticeable improvements Joshua Buckley made was the planting of a large or-

The sprouts were brought

In has been my with a number of often seen John was a common re that they had ne like "Jack" Ra

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Such was her kindness of heart no stranger was ever turned away, but all were warmed, fed and lodged. Whether worthy or unworthy, she never seemed to stop to inquire, and there is but little doubt that time and again her generosity was abused. Joseph Buckley the second son of the Pioneer Joshua was distinguished for his fondness for playing practical jokes, and telling strange yarns about ghosts and witches. He possessed ready wit and his reportees remind me much of John Randolph of Roanoke. It is my impression that Joe Buckley could have come nearer duplicating that person in form, features, tones of voice, sarcasm and repartee than any one I ever heard of.

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Her tortures were excruciating and yet strange to say she got well, contrary to the doctor's expectations.

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James McClure is survived by numerous industrious sons and daughters whose families are grown up in Virginia, West Virginia and Indiana.

Such are a few of the reminiscences pertinent to my recent visit to the hospitable well furnished home of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kee at the original Kee homestead. For a hundred years this has been a Kee home, and for all these years has been a place where travellers and acquaintances would be generously received and kindly entertained.

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About night fall the rain that was looked for early in the day from my cozy quarters on Joe McNeills's porch began to fall and at frequent intervals there were showers all night long. The pattering of the raindrops was the most soothing of sounds inviting sweet and hopeful slumber.

Pretty early next morning I took up my carriages for the home stretch on this tramping round.

The road I found to be quite miry and the mud was of the sticky sort that would be hard to get rid of even when dry.

About the time I had made ready to dare and do whatever a muddy tramp might mean, George McComb of Dan, came along with his team driven by a half grown young McComb, a chip of the

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that this resident of the Dan flag  
station vicinity could tell of the  
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rebuilt not so many years ago by  
the Rev Joshua Buckley at what  
was deemed a safe distance. At  
the present time the house is with-  
in a rod or so of the brink so rap-  
idly has the bank worn away.  
Some ten or more years after set-  
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freshet in the Greenbrier and the  
water surrounded the dwelling of  
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servant woman Thyatira took the  
children, cows and chickens to  
the barn on higher ground. The  
water between house and barn be-  
came deep enough to swim a  
horse, but Mrs Buckley would not  
desert the house. In the mean-  
time her husband passed from  
house to barn.

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when bad time  
head with a se-  
awakening in the  
time found herself  
warm, and the cold  
heavy. It was  
fallen ten inches  
once hustled around  
her drove and brow  
Buckeye.

One of the more  
provements Joshua  
was the planting  
chard. The sprout  
in a pair of saddle  
Winchester, so  
were, being for  
one years grown  
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the best and it  
for a great deal  
ing in course of

Two sons  
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So numerous  
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At the death of her father, a Mr Collins, of Newtown, Mrs Hannah Buckley was bequeathed a servant woman named Thyatira, who was quite a character in her time. Her husband was Joo, in

was in its time one of the best and it furled for a great deal of time in course of time.

Two sons and were reared by the rents. The eldest, already mentioned late Joshua Buckley time a widely known respected citizen the Methodist Pre So numerous were he performed that he had taken out for that interest half the county at part of upper Green.

The pioneer's or, as she was called, Hetty, be the late George I ton, and the ho of the Kee relation linton vicinity. industry as a ho the talk of her d son Aaron Kee place, where pas her life in her bu



McNeel, the pioneer  
Levels and his two  
s and Jacob Ken-  
their pioneer homes.  
the Buckley fam-  
ery day that Josh-  
hed his proposed  
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o have his horse  
ng his wife and  
er's camp alone  
eads to the in-  
ioneer McNeel  
ne time previ-

secured the  
dred acres on  
the Greenbrier  
considerable  
e, contiguous  
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ng autumn's  
nce of secur-  
ds.

John McNeel,  
nison were  
of the Little  
hua Buck-  
attention

mistress that when Mrs Buckley  
died her special instructions were  
that Thyatira should be maintain-  
ed by the family long as she might  
live, and must never be a county  
charge. A cabin was built for  
her near where the Buckeye sta-  
tion is now located. From this  
cabin she moved to George Kee's  
whose wife was Hester Buckley,  
where she died and was buried in  
the Buckley graveyard many  
years ago.

Thyatira was furnished a very  
comfortable housekeeping outfit  
by her pioneer mistress, and Mrs  
Buckley's dying wishes were care-  
fully respected by her children,  
and so it became that Thyatira  
was a privileged character during  
her later years.

One instance out of many illus-  
trates the manner of servant she  
was, may be given. When Joshua  
Buckley the Pioneer, opened up  
the Burgess place he used it for  
summer range. For several sea-

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erosity was abused

Joseph Buckley  
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witches. He po  
and his reportees  
of John Randol  
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and repartee tha  
heard of.

In has been  
with a number  
often seen John  
was a common  
that they had n  
like "Jack" R

Now from w  
about Mr. R



cel's to have his horse  
leaving his wife and  
hunter's camp alone  
This leads to the in-  
the Pioneer McNeel  
at some time provi-  
Buckley secured the  
hundred acres on  
of the Greenbrier  
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est side, contiguous  
f Swago. The pro-  
following autumn's  
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se lands.  
John McNeel,  
es Kennison were  
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wn to this region  
camp was occupied  
ld be built and  
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The original  
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nk of the Green-  
well was between  
a creek. This  
William Buckley,  
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later had been car-  
along a creek. It  
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sons Thyatira and the boys John  
and Joseph did the driving out  
and the salting. It happened one  
year that she went out with the  
stock as usual, and was instructed  
to stay by the cattle until they be-  
came used to the range and not be  
likely to come back or stray else-  
where. She went into camp and  
when bad time came covered her  
head with a sheep skin. Upon  
awakening in the morning Thya-  
tira found herself uncomfortably  
warm, and the covering felt very  
heavy. It was found, when bad  
times had been deep. She at  
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he well was between  
and the bank. This  
ag by William Buckley,  
while on a visit. Pre-  
e water had been car-  
a spring near Lum Sil-  
it was determined to  
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abundance obtained at  
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one years growth. This orchard  
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for a great deal of orchard plant-  
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Two sons and two daughters  
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David Gibson the  
the Elk relationshi-  
She was a note-  
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These persons l-  
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...a well, which was obtained at  
water in abundance obtained at  
the depth of twenty-five feet.  
In the course of years the bank  
is worn away and the dwelling  
is about to be undermined,  
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Mrs Buckley would not  
house. In the mean-  
while husband passed from  
life in a canoe or dug  
Buckley passed her  
house, sewing on a  
as she sat by a win-  
dow looking the river, and  
not reach the water  
down with her hand  
place: tide.  
...of her father, a  
of Newtown, Mrs  
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the Methodist Protestant church.  
So numerous were the marriages  
he performed that it looked as if  
he had taken out a patent right  
for that interesting business for  
half the county at least and a good  
part of upper Greenbrier.  
The pioneer's daughter Hester,  
or, as she was most commonly  
called, Hetty, became the wife of  
the late George Kee, near Marlinton,  
and the honored progenitor  
of the Kee relationship in the Mar-  
linton vicinity. Her energy and  
industry as a home keeper were  
the talk of her day. Her grand-  
son Aaron Kee lives on the home  
place, where passed the most of  
her life in her busy home duties,

...you and that the woman  
get out of the way the  
would be for your feet  
did not want to hear  
you and be the subje  
ous ridicule all over  
hood.  
Though he has be  
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To use her ow  
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Mrs Buckley

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worthy, she never seemed to stop  
to inquire, and there is but little  
doubt that time and again her gen-  
erosity was abused.

Joseph Buckley the second son  
of the Pioneer Joshua was distin-  
guished for his fondness for play-  
ing practical jokes, and telling  
strange yarns about ghosts and  
witches. He possessed ready wit  
and his reportees remind me much  
of John Randolph of Roanoke.  
It is my impression that Joe  
Buckley could have come nearer  
duplicating that person in form,  
features, tones of voice, sarcasm  
and repartee than any one I ever  
heard of.

It has been my fortune to meet  
with a number of people that had  
often seen John Randolph and it  
was a common remark with them  
that they had never seen anyone  
like "Jack" Randolph.

Now from what I have heard  
about Mr. Randolph, I feel pretty

Longfellow

ellers and acquaintanc  
generously received  
entertained.

It aroused my sympathy  
find my friend from  
in such infirm health  
ceives and endures i  
coming resignation  
persuaded that such  
and goodness of th  
ing in whom all  
have their being, th  
must and shall be y

About night fall  
was looked for ear  
from my cozy quar  
Neills's porch beg  
at frequent interva  
showers all night  
tering of the rain  
most soothing of  
sweet and hopeful

Pretty early m  
took up my carriage  
stretch on the tra

The road I

moved to George Keo's  
was Hester Buckley,  
died and was buried in  
graveyard many

was furnished a very  
housekeeping outfit  
or mistress, and Mrs  
ing wishes were care-  
d by her children,  
me that Thyatira  
d character during

out of many illus-  
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like "Jack" Randolph.

Now from what I have heard  
about Mr. Randolph, I feel pretty  
sure that if they had ever seen Joe  
Buckley they would have quit say-  
ing, "We never saw anybody like  
Jack Randolph."

Some of the most withering,  
keen, sarcastic repartees that I  
have ever heard from anyone,  
were Joe Buckley's remarks spok-  
en in his falsetto tones and not a  
smile anywhere visible on his long  
and face, nor a gleam of humor  
about his piercing gray eyes, that  
blazed beneath his prominent and  
rugged eye brows, with penetra-  
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get out of the way the better it

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About night fall  
was looked for e  
from my cozy qu  
Neills's porch be  
at frequent inter  
showers all night  
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most soothing c  
sweet and hopef

Pretty early  
took up my carriage  
stretch on this

The road I fo  
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sticky sort that  
get rid of even

About the t  
ready to dare an  
muddy tramp mig  
McComb of Dan,  
his team driven b  
young McComb, a  
terral block.

George seemed  
good on the rain su  
his cherry way to  
wagon, all on a sud  
take a ride to Marlin  
It would take a volu-  
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that this resident of the  
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would be for your feelings if you  
did not want to hear it told on  
you and be the subject of hilari-  
ous ridicule all over the neighbor-  
hood.  
Though he has been gone from  
us for nearly forty years, yet there  
is not many living persons whose  
names are as frequently repeated  
as "Joe Buckley's." His wife  
was Elizabeth Gibson, sister of  
David Gibson the progenitor of  
the Elk relationship of that name.  
She was a noted housekeeper  
and was ever ready for her home  
duties out of doors as well as in  
doors.  
These persons had no children  
of their own, but adopted and

About the ti  
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young McComb, a  
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his cherry way to  
wagon, climb on and  
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six daughters.  
The two mile ho  
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stretch would ha  
thin summer gait  
tramped, Than  
McComb, may y  
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These persons had no children  
of their own, but adopted and  
reared orphans.

Mrs. Buckley in advanced age  
was sorely afflicted by a cancerous  
sore on the back of her right hand.

To use her own language it pained  
like a hot iron all the time. In  
her agony she would walk the  
floor day and night and would use  
every kind of poultice she could  
hear of, make teas of every root  
or plant that might be recom-  
men for purifying the blood. In  
the meantime a doctor from Rock-  
bridge located at Huntersville,  
and among the first cases he was

It would take vol  
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that this resident of the  
station vicinity could tell  
ups and downs, round and  
of his eventful life and  
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J. A. Arbuck

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Will be in Mar



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floor day and night and would use  
every kind of poultice she could  
hear of, make teas of every root  
den for purifying the blood. In  
the meantime a doctor from Rock-  
bridge located at Huntersville,  
and among the first cases he was  
called in to treat was Aunt Betty's  
sore hand. As a matter of course  
there was no disease but what he

considering the economic  
had to confront and me  
and duties of raising  
ought to be raised six  
six daughters.

The two mile home  
that wagon was a thi  
ure and interest to w  
stretch would have  
this summer gaiters  
tramped. Thanks  
McComb, may you  
long live to own an  
and happen along  
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I was.

Shakespe

"To gild refined  
lily,  
Is wasteful and r  
But he kno  
Green Seal Li  
sale by C. J. R

J. A. Arbuck

Spe  
EYE, EAR, NO  
Will be in Marli  
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DR. GUIL  
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Longfellow.

seemed to stop  
e is but little  
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Roanoke.  
that Joe  
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in form,  
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to meet  
that had  
and it  
th them  
anyone

ellers and acquaintances would be  
generously received and kindly  
entertained.

It aroused my sympathies to  
find my friend from his boyhood  
in such infirm health. But he re-  
ceives and endures it all with be-  
coming resignation, being fully  
persuaded that such is the wisdom  
and goodness of the Supreme Be-  
ing in whom all live, move and  
have their being, that all at last  
must and shall be well.

About night fall the rain that  
was looked for early in the day  
from my cozy quarters on Joe Mc-  
Neill's porch began to fall and  
at frequent intervals there were  
showers all night long. The pat-  
tering of the raindrops was the  
most soothing of sounds inviting  
sweet and hopeful slumber.

ns about ghosts and  
to possessed ready wit  
ortees remind me much  
ndolph of Roanoke.  
mpression that Joe  
d have come nearer  
at person in form,  
of voice, sarcasm  
an any one I ever  
ny fortune to meet  
of people that had  
Randolph and it  
emark with them  
ver seen anyone  
ndolph.

at I have heard  
olph, I feel pretty  
had ever seen Joe  
old have quit say-  
saw anybody like

most withering,  
epartees that I  
d from anyone,  
y's remarks spok-  
tones and not a  
visible on his long  
gleam of humor  
ug gray eyes, that  
his prominent and  
rown, with penetra-  
there was a warm-  
the way that Joe  
ked at you, that made  
he knew it all about  
the sooner you could

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at frequent intervals there were  
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tering of the raindrops was the  
most soothing of sounds inviting  
sweet and hopeful slumber.

Pretty early next morning I  
took up my carriages for the home  
stretch on this tramping round.

The road I found to be quite  
miry and the mud was of the  
sticky sort that would be hard to  
get rid of even when dry.

About the time I had made  
ready to dare and do whatever a  
muddy tramp might mean, George  
McComb of Dan, came along with  
his team driven by a half grown  
young McComb, a chip of the  
ternal block.

George seemed to be feeling  
good on the rain and hailed me in  
his cherry way to wait for the  
wizgon, climb on and we would  
take a ride to Marlinton together.

It would take a volume of sev-  
eral hundred pages to contain all  
that this resident of the Dan flag  
station vicinity could tell me.

sarcastic repartees that I  
ever heard from anyone,  
Joe Buckley's remarks spoke  
his falsetto tones and not a  
anywhere visible on his long  
face, nor a gleam of humor  
in his piercing gray eyes, that  
shined beneath his prominent and  
red eye-brows, with penetra-  
ting stare. There was a some-  
thing about the way that Joe  
Buckley looked at you, that made  
you feel that he knew it all about  
you and that the sooner you could  
get out of the way the better it  
would be for your feelings, if you  
did not want to hear it told on  
you and be the subject of hilari-  
cudicule all over the neighbor-

hood. Though he has been gone from  
nearly forty years, yet there  
are many living persons whose  
names are as frequently repeated

Buckley's." His wife  
Elizabeth Gibson, sister of  
John Gibson the progenitor of  
the relationship of that name,  
was a noted housekeeper  
ever ready for her home  
of doors as well as in

persons had no children  
of their own, but adopted and  
reared

long ago in advanced age  
afflicted by a cancerous  
growth of her right hand,

it pained

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it would be interesting reading,  
written out just as he tells it, how  
a man has to hustle to keep alive  
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The two mile home stretch in  
that wagon was a thing of pleas-  
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long live to own and drive wagons  
and happen along whenever peo-  
ple may be as glad to meet you as  
I was.

W. T. P.

Shakespeare Says

one said that he knew it all about you and that the sooner you could get out of the way the better it would be for your feelings if you did not want to hear it told on you and be the subject of hilarious ridicule all over the neighborhood.

Though he has been gone from for nearly forty years, yet there are many living persons whose names are as frequently repeated as "Joe Buckloy's." His wife Elizabeth Gibson, sister of J. Gibson the progenitor of the relationship of that name, was a noted housekeeper and ever ready for her home out of doors as well as in.

Persons had no children of their own, but adopted and nephews.

Buckley in advanced age was afflicted by a cancerous growth on the back of her right hand.

In her own language it pained her from all the time. In the winter she would walk the streets at night and would use poultices she could get out of every root and herb that might be recommended.

to plug the blood. In the winter a doctor from Rockwell at Huntersville, N. C. came to the first cases he was called was Aunt Betty's. It was a matter of course to cure her but what he

that this resident of the Dan River station vicinity could tell of the ups and downs, round and rounds of his eventful life and much of it would be interesting reading, written out just as he tells it, how a man has to hustle to keep alive considering the enemies he has had to confront and meet the cares and duties of raising as they ought to be raised six sons and six daughters.

The two mile home stretch in that wagon was a thing of pleasure and interest to what the home stretch would have been in my thin summer gaiters, had it been tramped. Thanks to you Mr. McComb, may you and your boy long live to own and drive wagons and happen along whenever people may be as glad to meet you as I was.

W. T. P.

#### Shakespeare Says

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

But he knew nothing about Green Seal Liquid paint. For sale by C. J. Richardson.

J. A. Arbuckle, A. B. M. D.,

Specialty,

EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT,

Will be in Marlinton 1st Friday, Saturday and Sunday of each month.

DR. ARBUCKLE'S OFFICE,

Hours, 9-1 a. m., and 3-5:30 p. m.

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